

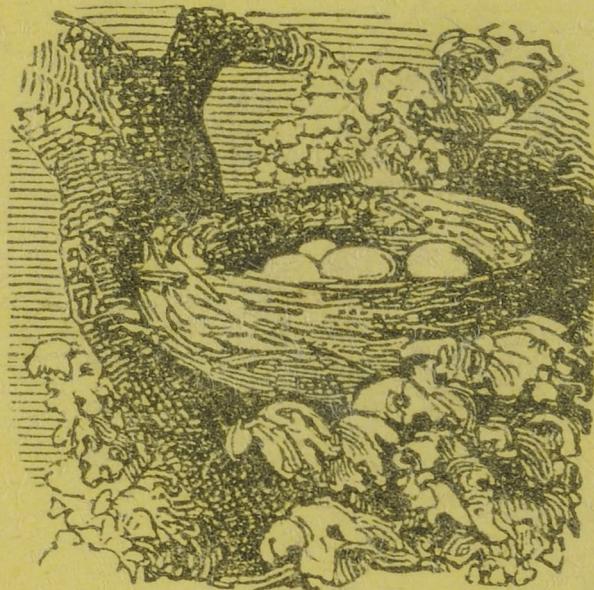
Book of Books

SECOND SERIES.—No 11.

SIMPLE POEMS

FOR

INFANT MINDS.



NEW YORK:
KIGGINS & KELLOGG,
123 & 125 William St.

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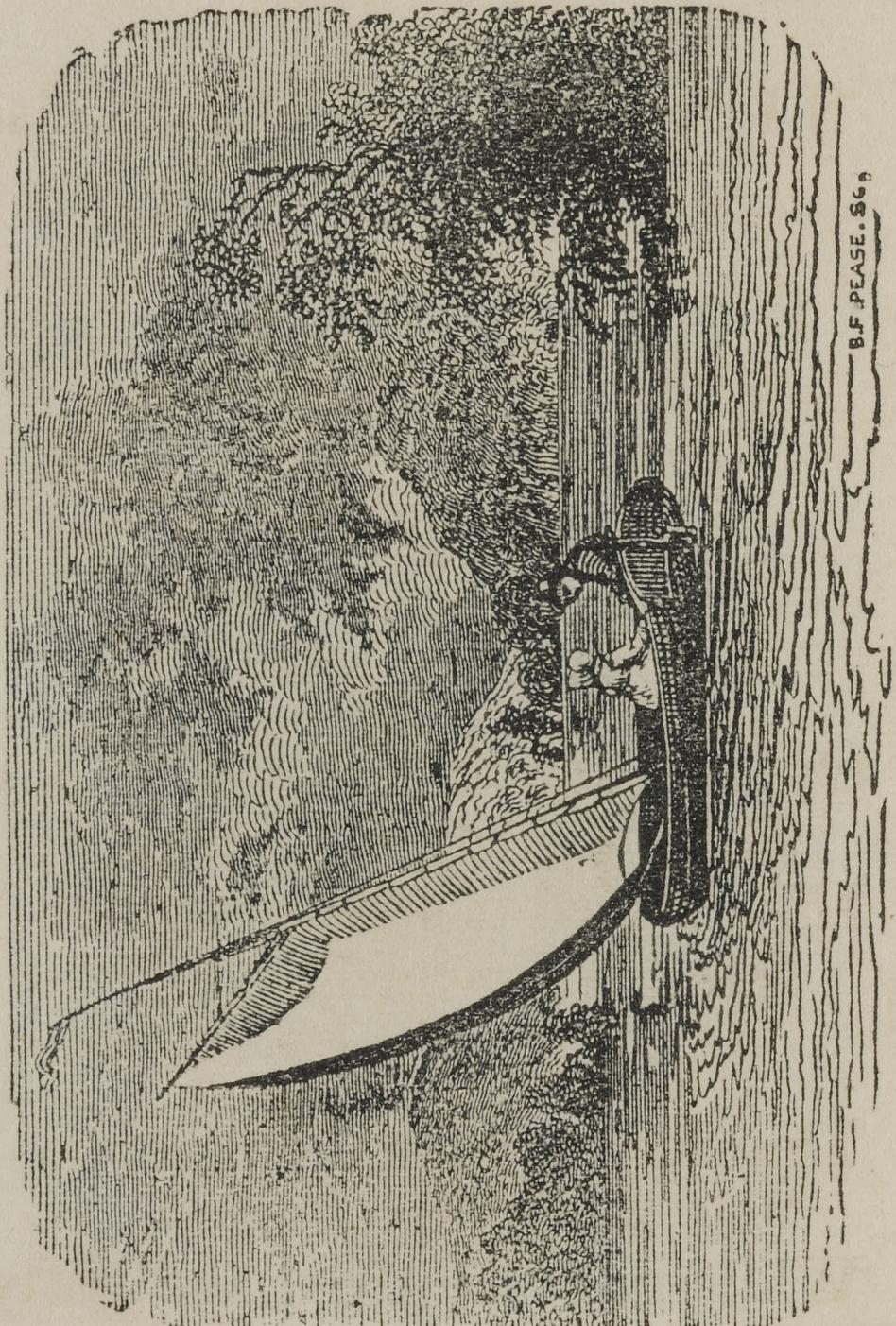
SIMPLE POEMS

FOR

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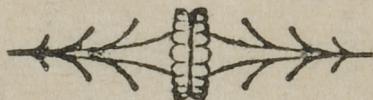


NEW YORK:
KIGGINS & KELLOGG,
88 JOHN STREET.



B.F. PEASE, Scg

SIMPLE POEMS, FOR INFANT MINDS.



THE SAIL-BOAT.

Oh, see our little boat,
How prettily it glides ;
Like a bird it seems to float,
Press'd forward by the tides,
 By the tides.

The sky is shining brightly,
The fishes dart below,
While our little boat so lightly
Leaps onward as we go—
 As we go

I would like to be a boat,
And live upon the sea ;
So merrily I'd float,
With naught to trouble me—
 Trouble me.

But should a storm come near,
And fill me with alarms,
I would row to mother dear—
My boat should be her arms,
 Mother's arms.



A LITTLE STORY.

I WILL write a little story,
About a little boy;
He is his father's comfort,
He is his mother's joy.

When we give a little errand,
He thinks of what is said,
Pulls down his little waistcoat,
And holds up his little head.

He holds his little fork
By the handle as he should,
And never spills his coffee,
Nor drops about his food.

His face is very pleasant,
What he says is always true;
Now tell me, *youngest reader*,
If this little boy is *you*.

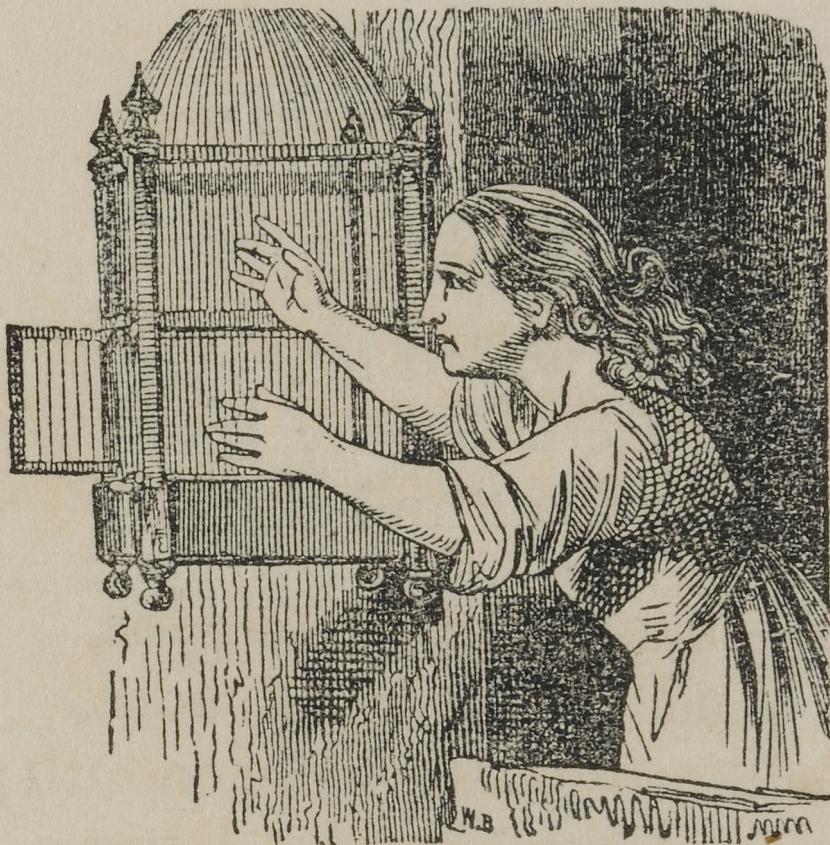
MY LITTLE DOLL ROSE.

I HAVE a little doll,
I take care of her clothes ;
She has soft flaxen hair,
And her name is Rose.

She has pretty blue eyes,
And a very small nose,
And a cunning little mouth ;
And her name is Rose.

I have a little sofa
Where my doll may repose,
Or sit up like a lady ;
And her name is Rose.

My doll can move her arms,
And stand upon her toes,
She can make a pretty courtesy,
My dear little Rose.



MY BIRD IS GONE.

“My bird is gone,”
Said Fanny Ray;
“My bird has flown,
I can not play.

“He sung so sweetly,
Every day;
He sings no more,
I can not play.

“Go, put his cage
Far, far away,
I do not love,
His cage to-day.”

She wiped her eyes,
Poor Fanny Ray;
And sat and sighed,
But could not play.



THE BIRD'S ANSWER.

"I AM sorry, my dear,
But I'd rather live here ;
The skies they are fair,
And I love the fresh air,
The trees they are green,
And I sit like a queen,
On a branch as it goes,
While the pleasant wind blows.
I have more on my table
To eat than I'm able,
For the very large field
My dessert does yield ;
But come from your book,
With a good humored look,
When with care you have read
And your lesson is said,
Sit under the tree,
With your sewing by me,
And this afternoon,
I will sing you a tune."

THE KITE.

Oh look at my kite,
In its airy flight,
How pretty it flies,
Right up to the skies,
With its white breast stirr'd,
Just like a bird !

Pretty kite, pretty kite,
In your airy flight
What do you spy,
In the bright blue sky ?

I wish I was you,
To be there too,
Oh, then, how soon
I would peep at the moon,
And see the man there,
Who gives me a stare,
When I look up at night,
At his beautiful light !

OH! LOOK AT THE MOON.

Oh, look at the moon !

She is shining up there,
Oh, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow,
But now she's grown bigger,
And round as an O.

Pretty moon, pretty moon,
How you shine on the door,
And make it all bright
On my nursery floor.

You shine on my playthings,
And show me their place,
And I love to look up
At your pretty bright face.

And there is a star
Close by you; and may be
That small twinkling star
Is your little baby.

THE SLEEPING BABY.

Hush, hush, with your noise,
What a talking you keep,
You rude little boys,
Now the baby's asleep !
 Hushaby, baby.

Mamma has just told me
To stay quite here,
And, oh, she will scold me,
If wakes, baby dear.
 Hushaby, baby.

How soft its white arm,
As it lies on its breast,
Little baby no harm
Shall come while you rest.
 Hushaby, hush.

My task has been given,
And I will be true,
And sister and Heaven
Will watch over you.
 Hushaby, baby.

SCHOOL IS OUT.

SCHOOL is out,
But do not shout ;
School is done,
But do not run.

Put up your slate,
Neat and straight ;
Make your bow,
If you know how.

Take your "*spelling*,"
To your dwelling,
Your "*reading*" too,
Keep clean and new.

Then go home,
And do not roam ;
Your parents kiss,
In quietness.

Now run and play ;
And so, "good day."

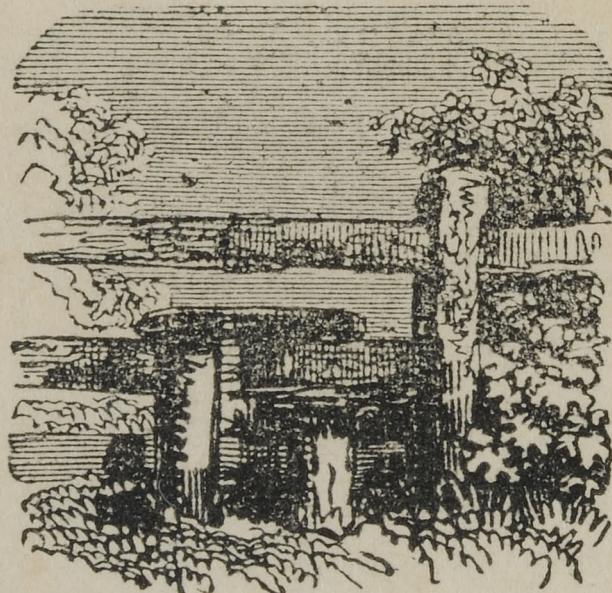
TO AN ANT.

RUN here, little ant,
For the pretty bird can't.
I want you to come,
And live at my home;
I know you will stay,
And help me to play.
Stop making that hill,
Little ant, and be still;
Come creep to my feet,
Here is sugar to eat.
Say are you not weary,
My poor little deary,
With bearing that load,
Across the wide road?
Leave your hill now, to me,
And then you shall see,
That by filling my hand,
I can pile up the sand,
And save you the pains,
Of bringing these grains.

THE ANT'S ANSWER.

STOP, stop, little miss,
No such building as this,
Will answer for me,
As you plainly can see.
I take very great pains,
And place all the grains
As if with a tool,
By a carpenter's rule.
You have thrown the sand
All out of your hand,
And so filled up my door,
That I can't find it more.
My king and my queen
Are choked up within ;
My little ones too,
Oh what shall I do ?
You have smothered them all
With the sand you let fall;
I must borrow, or beg,
Or look for an egg,
To keep under my eye,

For help by-and-by.
A new house I must raise,
In a very few days,
Nor stand here and pine,
Because you've spoilt mine.
For when winter days come,
I shall mourn for my home ;
So stand out of my way,
I have no time to play.



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